

⁵⁷ D E A L

I N A N

UPROAR.

A

S A T Y R.

In Memory of some late Proceedings of the
Mayor, Jurats, and Common-Council, before and
after Passing the *Act* in the last Session of
this Present Parliament for Erecting a
Chappel of Ease there, &c.

Written by a very good Acquaintance of Esq; Toby.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Baker, at the *Black Boy* in
Pater-Noster-Row. 1713. Price 6 d.
31. March.

DEAL

REPORT

STATY

In Memory of the Proceedings of the
General Court of the County of
after calling the roll in the last session of
this present Parliament for settling a
supply of Public Revenue &c.

Printed by a very good printer of 1771

LONDON:

Printed for A. B. at the Black Box in
the Strand 1771

DEAL

IN AN

UPROAR, &c.

IN Sight of treacherous *Goodwin's* Faithless Sands,
 An Impious and Remorseless Town there stands,
 Peopled by Men whose Cruelties of Mind
 Make them the Savages of Human Kind;
 Wretches abandon'd to the worst of Crimes
 That e'er were practis'd in most guilty Times;
DEAL is its Name, to Mariners well known,
 Where there is not a Vice but what's its own,
 But Fraud, Oppression, Theft, and Rapine reign,
 With every Act of Wickedness for Gain,
 As Hatchets they with Justice * Bibles call,
 Rising by Shipwrecks that make others fall,
 Like Porpoises rejoycing in a Storm,
 And Courting Hell's Applause in any Form.

Yet though few Tokens of good Works are seen,
 And they alike revere their God and Queen,
 Tho' they the Stings of Conscience seldom feel,
 But Rob the one, and from the other Steal.
 Ev'n as in *Sodom* righteous *Lot* was found,
 And *Jonah* trod on *Ninevean* Ground,

So

* Because they go to Church with them, to be ready upon all Occasions for a Wreck.

So in this Place, some (ah ! but some) appear,
 Whose Souls are spotless, and whose Faith's sincere,
 Who, in the Midst of this detested Brood,
 Dare to be singular in being Good,
 In stemming Tides of Vice with Heart and Skill,
 And saving Miscreants against their Will.

For this Intent an honest Scheme was laid,
 To make Religion get the start of Trade,
 Which hitherto had the Ascendant won,
 By its Engrossing all their Cares alone,
 And since the Church from thence too distant lay,
 To bring them all to Heaven a shorter Way,
 And build a Place of *Worship* nearer * Home,
 To which none could plead Weariness to come.

The Cost consider'd duly, as it ought,
 And weigh'd within the Ballances of Thought,
 While the Chief Magistrate, good Master Mayor,
 Gave himself many a feign'd consenting Air,
 By Nodding awfully from Elbow Chair:
 Ev'n tho' that fickle Pageant of State
 Joyn'd afterwards with those that Churches hate;
 One of the Four (for those were all who stood
 Up in Defence of what was Just and Good)
 To *Britain's* Senators, with hasty Zeal,
 Repair'd to get their Sanction to a Bill,
 Which to preserve such execrable Souls,
 Was drawn to lay a Duty upon Coals.

At this cry'd Doctor C——n——t, loath to lose
 Those dear beloved Perquisites call'd *Dues*,
 By means of which, full often he had fed
 On hollow Bits, and swill'd his Guts with Red;

What

* Because the Church was a Mile from the Town.

*What shall my Flocks their Faithful Shepherd change,
 Whom I indulg'd by scratching of their Mange?
 Whom, Drunk or Sober, I permitted still
 To follow the Suggestions of their Will,
 And do whate'er they pleas'd, tho' ne'er so ill?
 Surely the * Sols of Deal are better taught;
 Nor have I lull'd you all asleep for Nought,
 That you, who always aim'd at others Ruin,
 Should be the Authors of your own Undoing.
 Think who are driving upon Rocks and Shelves,
 Not Ships at Sea well freighted, but your Selves,
 Your Selves, my Brethren, who by this Disaster
 Must be impoverish'd with your Loving Pastor.
 Henceforth our Festivals must half be spoil'd,
 If a new Tax is laid on Roast and Boild,
 And Spit must suffer equally with Caldron,
 By Two Shillings Assessment on each Chaldron:
 Besides, the Price of Hatchets too must rise,
 By Means of this exorbitant Excise,
 Since from the Forge those Weapons are produc'd,
 Where Coals are very plentifully us'd;
 And if you're once discountenanc'd in Thieving,
 Pray, what's become of your Old Way of Living?*

' Nay, said the || Mayor, if such Events environ
 ' Men who are Dealers in the Trade of Iron,
 ' 'Tis Time to look about: — I must and will
 ' Use my Endeavours to throw out the Bill,
 ' And to the Parson lend a Helping Hand,
 ' That Things may on their wonted Footing stand.

With him the Riff Raff of the Jurats joyn'd;
 For Knaves to herd with Knaves are still inclin'd,
 And ever were, and will, be of a Mind.
 Tho' none could by a Purpose less abide,
 Whether he were of this or t'other Side,

B

Or

* A Nick Name given them by the Sailors.

|| The Mayor was an Ironmonger.

Or weighty Secrets keep from taking Air
Than open, undisguis'd, franck Mr. Mayor.

But he that most exerted his Address,
Was his Successor to the Chair and Mace,
A Magistrate of wonderful Renown,
The vaineft, proudest, Coxcomb in the Town,
Sprung from a Dunghill, yet aspiring high,
With haughty Look, and supercilious Eye.
Fain would this Insignificant, whose Birth
Makes him be truly call'd a * *Son of Earth*,
Have been advanc'd to a Despotick Post,
And rul'd, as Governour, *Barbadoes* Coast :
For this he put himself to great Expence
Of Money, tho' no Charge at all of Sense,
Since howsoever Wise he seem'd in shew,
His Stock of Intellects was very low ;
So that poor *Toby*, justly disappointed
Of being Vice-Roy to the Lord's Anointed,
Vouchsaf'd at last from Heights of State to sink
Into a Brew-House *Fat*, and Reign in *Drink*,
Where, uncontroul'd with *Arbitrary Sway*,
He strutted o'er the Slaves to Belch and Dray,
Ev'n while in Partnership he shar'd the Gains,
And only rul'd as Colleague o'er the Grains:
Till he by Dint of Forehead boldly press'd
To be at once *Deal's* Chief *Fac Tot* and Jest.
As he from *Tumbrel* mounted to the Chair,
There to talk big, and act Injustice there,
To make the best of his poor empty Noddle,
And render none but his own Projects Addle.

But what can Malice or Self-Interest do,
When Souls disdainful of base Thoughts pursue
Just Ends, and have Religion in their View?
Sedition hiss'd in vain, and Envy growl'd,
Schism shook its *Snaky* Locks, and Faction howl'd:

In

* A *Son of Earth* is one descended from the lowest Dregs of the Populace.

In vain *Church-Caterpillars* made *Essays*,
 And Canting Hypocrites sought Means and Ways;
 The more they studied good Designs to thwart,
 The more those good Intentions got the start,
 And *Whiggism* was foil'd at its own Weapon, *Art.*

POWEL, by whose Activity of Care
 The Town got Leave to build a House of Pray'r,
 Spar'd neither Cost nor Pains to bring about
 What those against him labour'd to fling out,
 As he to fam'd St. * *Stephen's* Chappel rode
 To get one Where-within to serve his God,
 And at a Hundred Pounds Expence essay'd,
 To bring that *Scheme* to bear, for which he's yet unpay'd.

Not that he singly could this Office do,
 HUGGINS solicited the Bill he drew,
 An Advocate who was before employ'd,
 In Times of Danger, on the Church's Side,
 And maugre noisy *Managers* foul Tongues,
 That dwell'd upon supposititious Wrongs;
 By Virtue of the Breviats of his Penning,
 Shew'd into what Extrems that Chase was running,
 Since but for him sage *Harcourt's* flowing Sense
 Had less display'd the Gifts of Eloquence;
 And *Phips* would not have had so large a Field,
 Gospel's and Law's eternal Truths to weild
 Against obdurate Wretches, whose Employ
 Was to annul the First, and Last destroy,
 Had not he minuted Objections down,
 To save the *Church*, the *Doctor*, and the *Crown*.

But if these Agents merit our Applause,
 In making Interest for so just a Cause,
 And out of Doors our Approbations win,
 What Thanks are not their *theirs* that did the *Work* within?
 How should each venerable Member's Name
 Be handed and transmitted down to Fame,

That

* House of Commons.

That gave into the Pray'r of their Appeal,
And made an *Act* of this their *Favourite Bill*?

Yet oh! far be it, that Profuse of Praise,
The Muse should undeserved Trophies raise,
Or mix their Names promiscuous in her *Songs*,
To whom no Tribute of Applause belongs?
For as in *Kent*, where almost every Plain
Shoots forth a large Increase of Fruit and Grain,
Tho' for the greatest Part, the Fertile Soil
Answers with grateful Crops the Farmer's Toil,
Yet are Exceptions in this *Eden* found,
Of hungry and uncultivated Ground,
To Nurture whose Inclemency is harsh
Like *Shepey's* sick'ning Isle, or *Romney's* Marsh:
So all the Representatives it sends
Are not alike the Establish'd Church's Friends;
But even amongst the Modest and the Wise,
Some *A—l—rs* and *P—p—l—ns* arise.

Such be their Themes, who for the Faction write
On *Subjects* despicably Low, and Light,
That never from vile Earth take off their Eye,
But sweep it like the *Swallows* when they fly.
High on an Eminence fair Virtue's plac'd,
Thither I'll wing my self with eager Haste,
Where neither Envy nor Distrust can climb,
But Loyalty defies the Teeth of Time:
There, there the Goddess sits enthron'd I see
In the two *Hardress's*, and *Hart*, and *Lee*:
The † First a Knight of unaffected Grace,
Whose frank Behaviour shines within his Face,
Shews at first Sight a Readiness of Mind
To do good Offices of every kind;
Whether the Needy for his Help applies,
Or of himself he succours Injuries,

So

† Sir William Hardress.

So Courteous to the Persons he Relieves,
 That one would think he Takes whate'er he Gives,
 And rather is obliged, than bestows
 The Benefit that from his Bounty flows :
 Well Born, yet unreserv'd ; Sedate, yet Young ;
 Bright in his Thoughts, yet Cautious in his Tongue ;
 Brave, yet a Stranger to disorder'd Rage,
 Guided in Youth with all the Reins of Age,
 As in his Country's Cause he's only Warm,
 Or when the Church is threaten'd with a storm.
 Happy the Land that gave this Patriot Birth !
 Happy their Votes that justify'd his Worth !
 That could distinguish Real Truth from Feign'd,
 And a Fair Spotless Mind from one that's Stain'd.
 Still may the Shire maintain their present Choice,
 Give him their Hearts, as well Hands and Voice,
 That for his Labours in Britannia's Cause,
 Ager may be receiv'd as Polhill was.

Nor shall his Kinsman's Goodness be unsung,
 While Verse has Numbers, or the Muse a Tongue,
 While Uprightness of Soul commands Esteem,
 At once our Wonder, and at once our Theme,
 A Man of Judgment and Faith unshaken,
 Not to be found in D' A—b or in W—n,
 Whose Principles are of a different Mold,
 Falsely call'd Moderate for being Cold,
 For shewing to the Scriptures no Regard,
 But Joining in a Vote to burn God's Word,
 Since he quite contrary Measures took,
 In Vindication of that awful Book,
 And bravely for the True Religion's sake,
 Voted against the False One by the **Tack**.

Hart also has an undisputed Claim
 To stand recorded in the List of Fame ;
 A Patriot most observant of his Word,
 True to the Crown, tho' by it unprefer'd,
 Clear in his Character as in Estate,
 And lov'd by all but such as Goodness hate.

But who can *Lee's* unerring Foot-steps trace,
 With equal Judgment, and with equal Grace?
 Or through bright Tracts of Honesty pursue
 Virtues whose Rays perplex the Searchers View,
 Whether they dart Profusion of Delight
 Upon the Ravish'd Mind, or Strike the Sight,
 Or he's in Private, or in Publick been
 True to his God, his Country, and his Queen?
 Fearless of Favourites Frowns when Courts enjoin
 Things that a Man of Honour should decline,
 And ready to fling up a gainful Post,
 Rather than have his Peace of Conscience lost,
 Rather than by Delusions be misled,
 Or quit the Principles in which he's bred.
 Witness the Time when hearing *Common-Prayer*,
 Made starch'd *Non-Con* occasionally Mayor;
 And 'twas allow'd that *Sheriffs* should be chose
 From Sectaries that were the Church's Foes,
 Provided they for one Year's space would please,
 In consecrated Domes, to bend their Knees;
 Tho' when the gaudy *Twelve Months* were expir'd,
 Like *Swine*, they in the Dirt again were mir'd;
 To their old Vomit like true Brutes return'd,
 And Incense at *Baal's* impious Altars burn'd.
 A Practice that's indeed now banish'd hence,
 But at that Time prevail'd, and gave Offence
 To all but such (who were the greater Part)
 As made Sincerity give Place to Art.
 Amongst the few, tho' most applauded, Names,
 Whose Zeal out-went some Bishops to their Shames,
 His honest and unbyass'd Voice was given
 In Favour of Allegiance due to Heaven;
 And with intrepid Steadiness bestow'd
 Where he that Gift indisputably ow'd,
 In spite of State-Observers, who could take
 His Office from him, not his Courage shake;
 Tho' now, with his dear Mother *Church*, restor'd,
 He sits again, and rules at Victualling-Board,

Studious

Studious of Methods how to give Content,
 And Husband what his Predecessors spent ;
 Where may he for the Publick Use preserve
 What others for themselves were wont to carve,
 That *Canterbury*, by false Notions led,
 May not exchange their Patriot *Lee* for *H—D*.

Yet tho' these Four with Application stirr'd
 To pass the Bill, to which the House concurr'd,
 Tho' they did every Thing within their Sphere,
 That others might the sacred Fabrick rear,
 It never to this Day had been begun,
 Had *Warren's* Diligence no Service done,
 Nor brought them in Supplies to set the *Workmen* on.
Warren whose Friendly Temper, free from Guile,
 Would by his Interest have rais'd the Pile,
 And render'd it quite finish'd and compleat,
 By generous Subscriptions from the Fleet,
 That could not lend an unconsenting Ear,
 When in it he took Pleasure to appear ;
 Well knowing that in such a guiltless Breast
 No Fraud or sinister Design could rest ;
 And that no Pressure, or enforc'd Constraint,
 Could make him sue for what they should not grant.
 A Man who in good Offices takes Pride,
 Wise, yet who'd others Indiscretions hide,
 Prefer'd to Place of Eminence and Trust,
 Yet in that Place as humble as he's just,
 Ready to serve a Neighbour in Distress,
 Mild, affable, and easy of Access :
 So that there's none but must in this agree,
 He's every Vertue's self, or its Epitome.

But in step'd He that now the Town controuls,
 That Lump of Magistracy, *Toby B—*,
 That like Sir *Martin Marall* in the Scene,
 Spoils all Things where he's made to intervene ;
 And call'd the Posse of the Jurats forth
 To put a Stop to such excelling Worth,

And

And not by Dint of *Argument*, but *Ale*,
 Work'd them to give *Attention* to his Tale,
 Which smelt so much of Ignorance and Bub,
 We may with Justice call it one of Tub;
 And howsoe'er nonsensical and weak,
 Could not but with so vile an *Audience* take,
 Since, tho' it was as void of Truth as Thought,
 There's irresistible Sense within a Draught.
 Henceforth to drop Subscriptions 'twas agreed,
 And take his *Worship's* Measures in their stead,
 Which, how successful they have been, 'tis known
 To every Petty-Larcener in Town,
 Not for their Interest, but his *Worship's* own;
 Since tho' it was, by Computation, found
 The Pile would cost them Thirteen Hundred Pounds,
 And by the best Surveyers made appear,
 The Chappel at that Price would not be dear:
Toby was loath to spend so much on Heaven,
 But gave his Vote to have it done for Seven,
 Not without Hopes of Sinking in his Hands
 Some Hundreds of those precious Deodands.

Accordingly the drunken Corporation,
 Who priz'd their Liquor more than their Salvation,
 Decreed that out of Reverence to the Chair,
 Seven should be given to God, and Six elsewhere;
 And that, to give of Charity a Proof,
 A Beggar should be bid to cover in the Roof:
 Tho' why so mean a Person was employ'd,
 I dare to take upon me to decide,
 Since those who read him truly as they ought,
 Know that he ne'er serv'd God or Man for Nought;
 This being done, Right Worshipful arose
 To do what ill Thing next himself best knows;
 And strutted arrogantly thro' the Crowd,
 That to his Drink, and not his Person, bow'd.

F I N I S.